

DELL OCTOBER
#4 DELL COMIC DELL COMIC



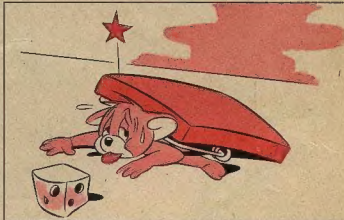
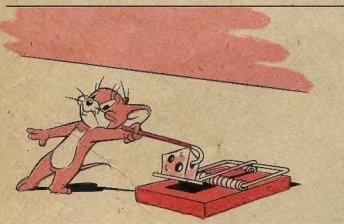
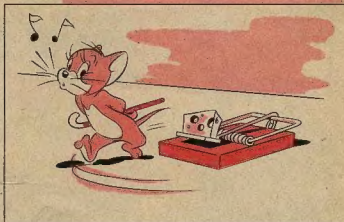
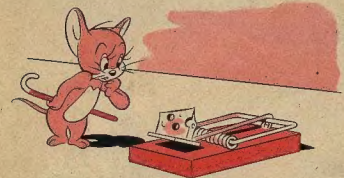
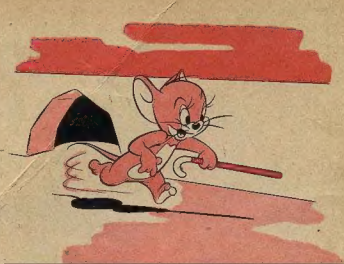
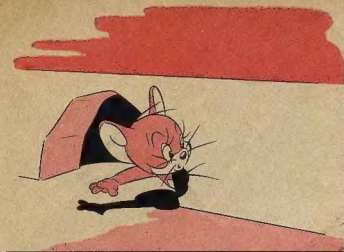
1946
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Our Gang

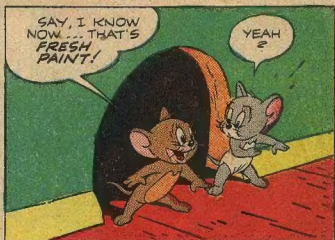
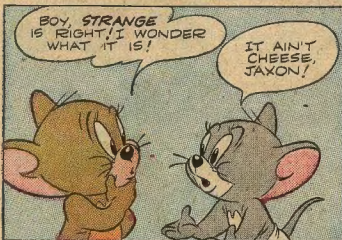
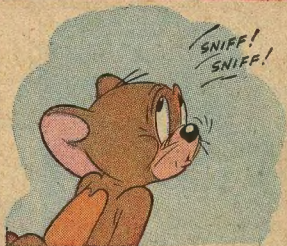
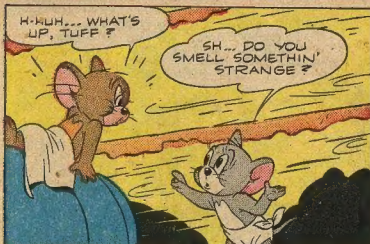
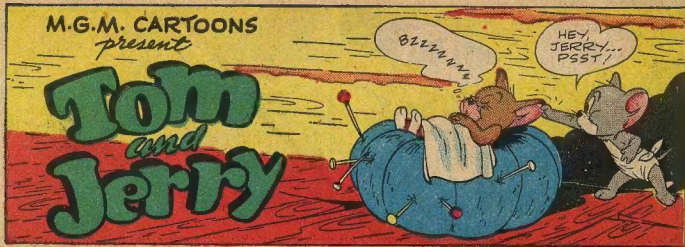
with
TOM & JERRY

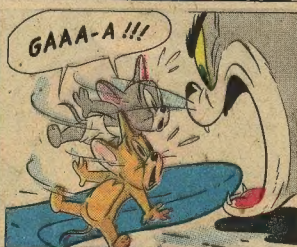
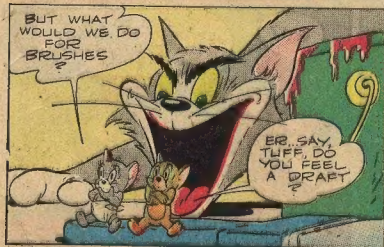
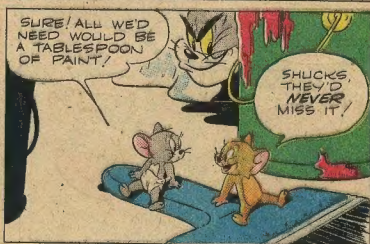
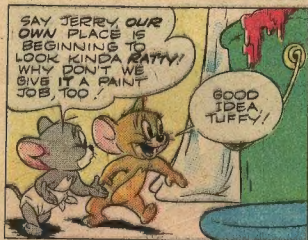
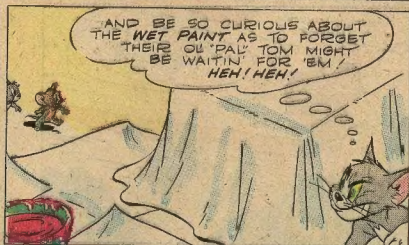
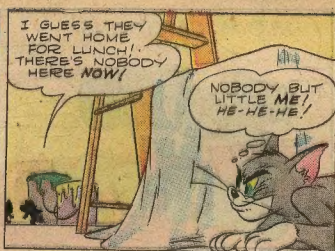
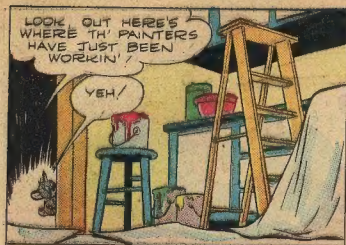


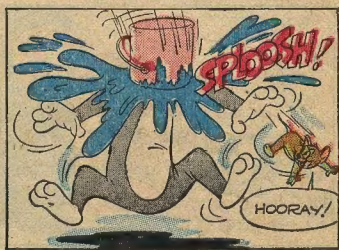
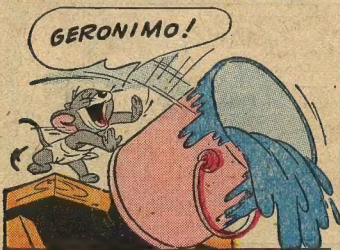
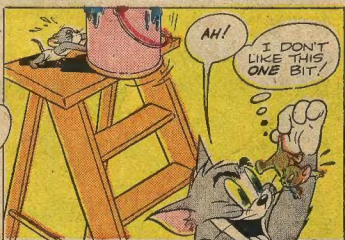
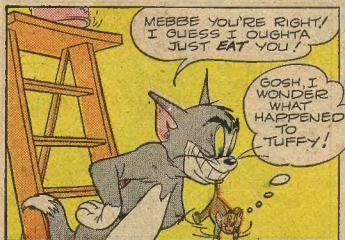
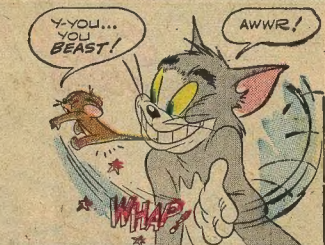
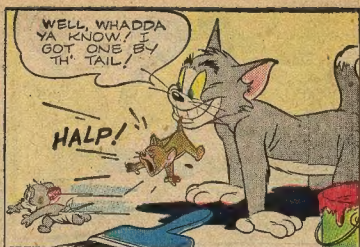
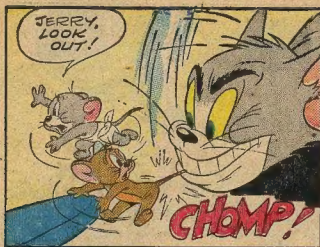


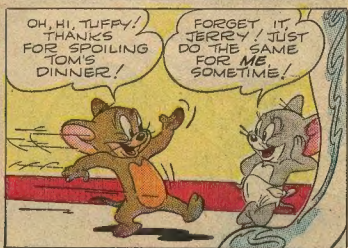
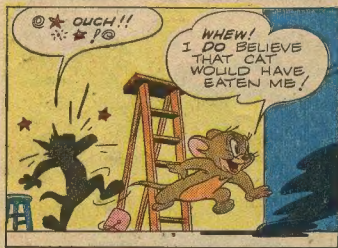
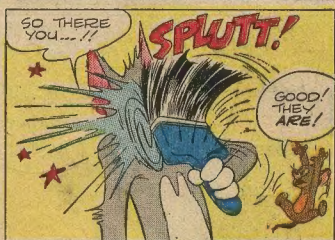
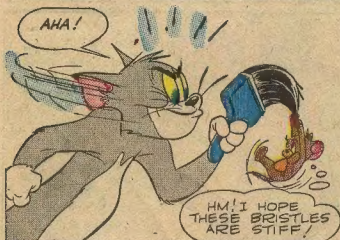
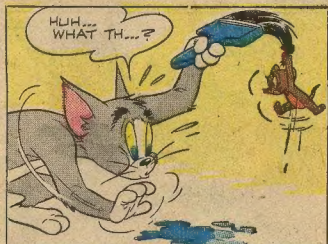
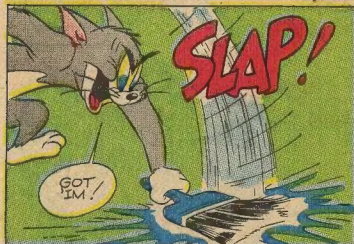
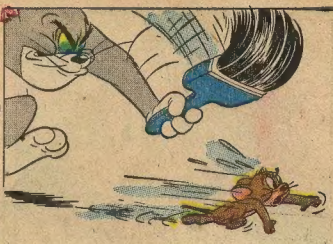
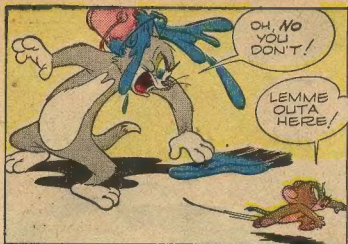
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

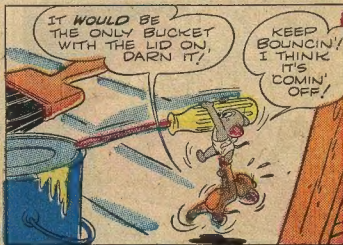
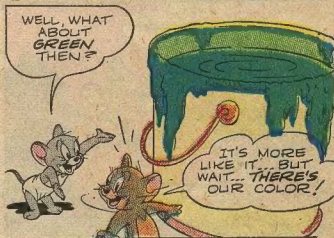
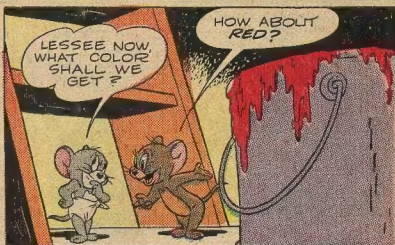
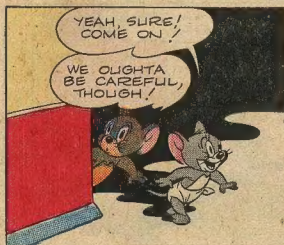
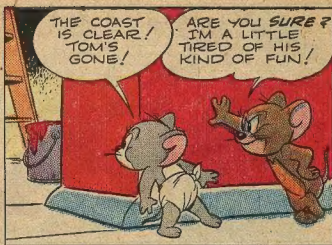
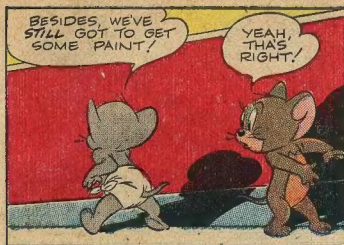
Tom *and* Jerry

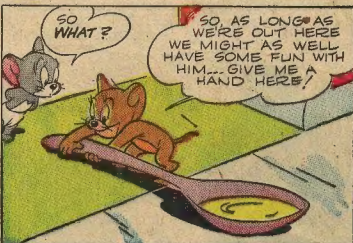
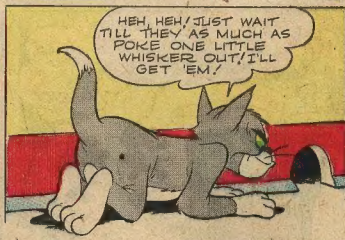
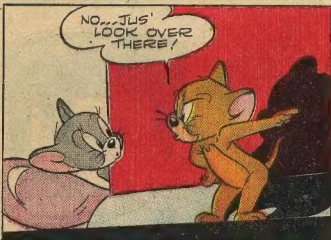
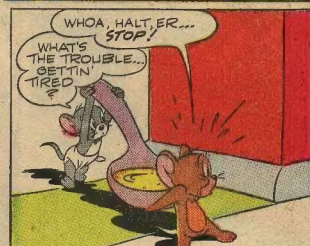
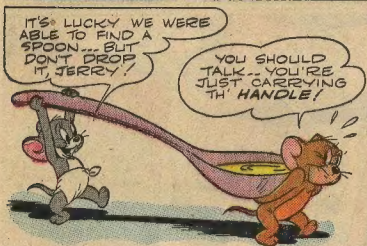
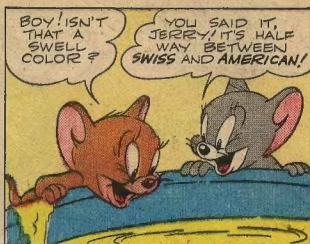
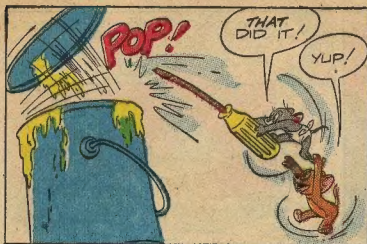


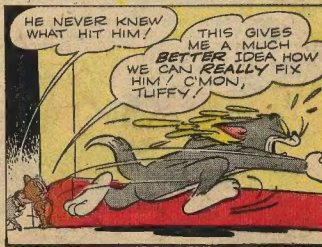
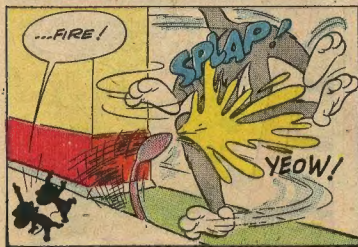
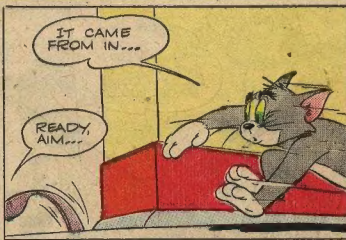
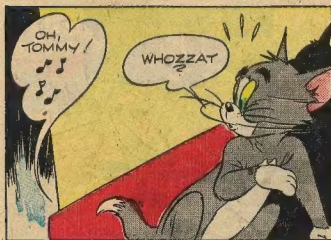
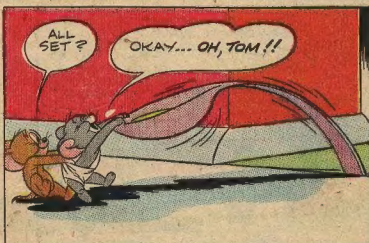
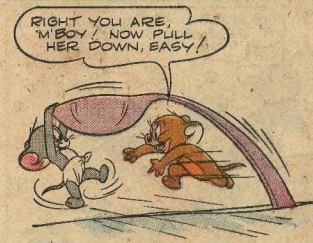
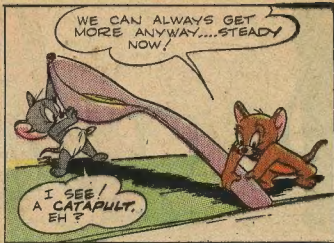
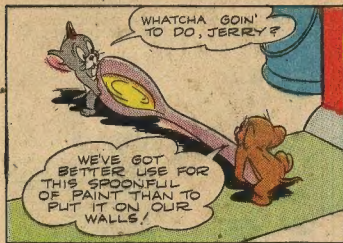


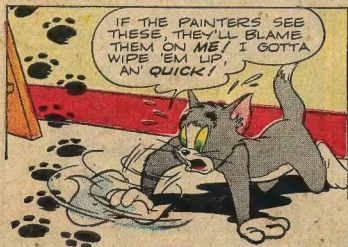
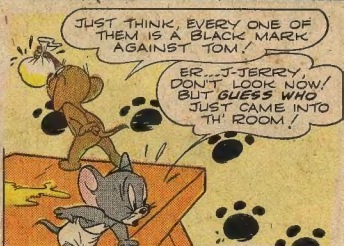
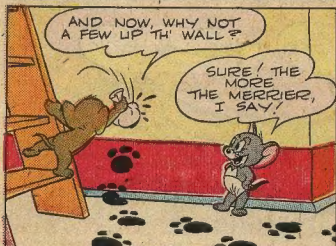


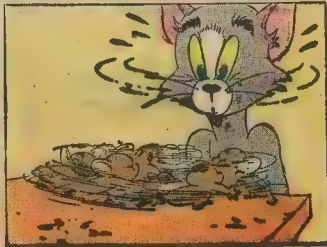
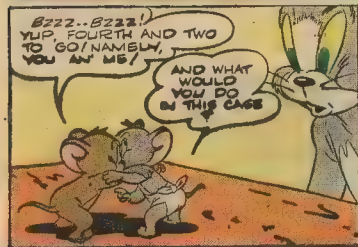
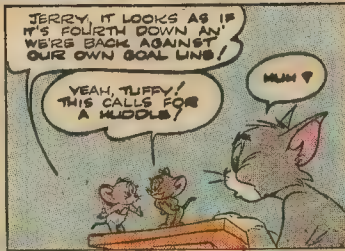
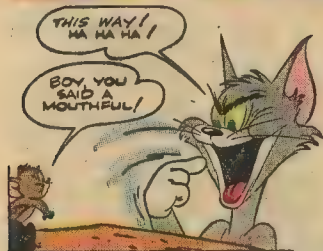
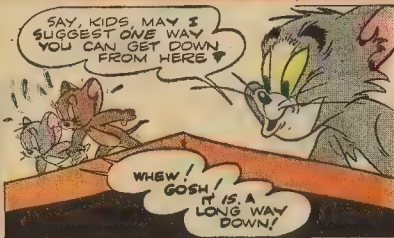
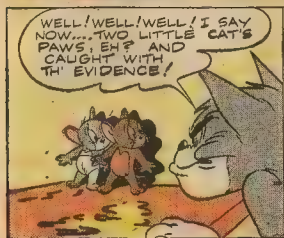
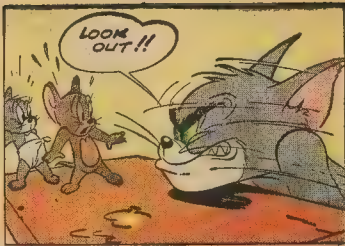
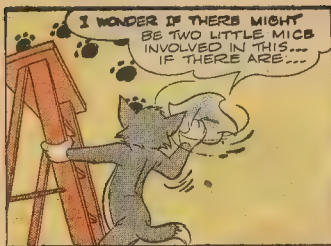


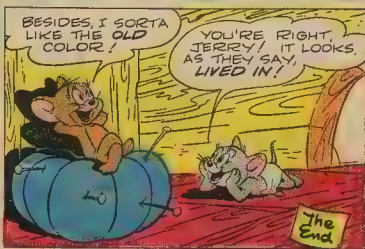
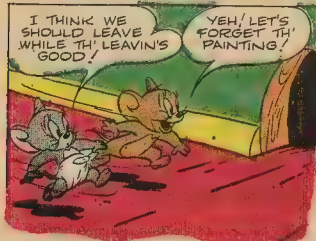
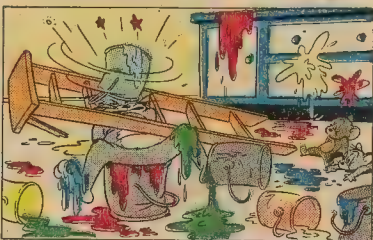
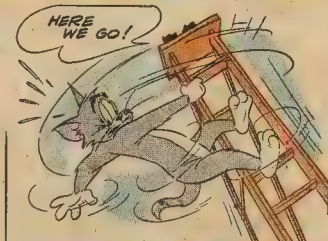
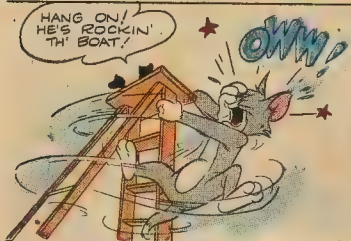
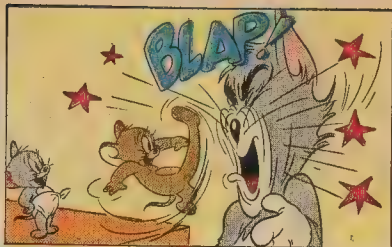
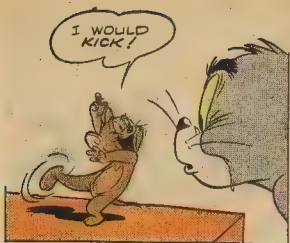




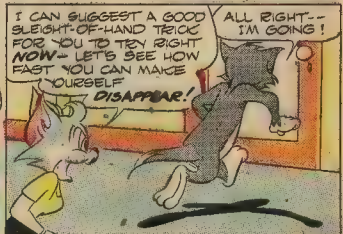
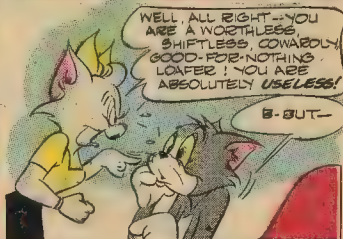
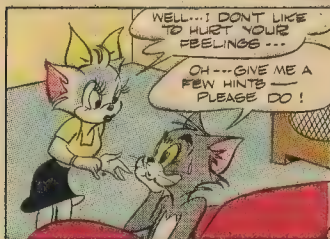
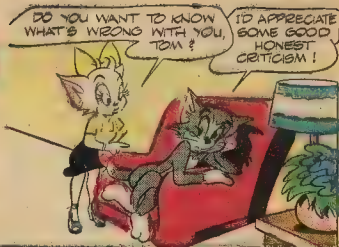


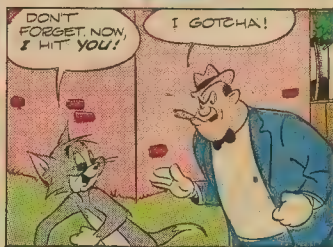
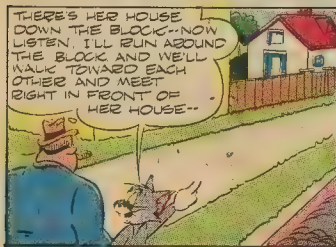
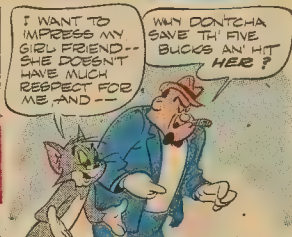
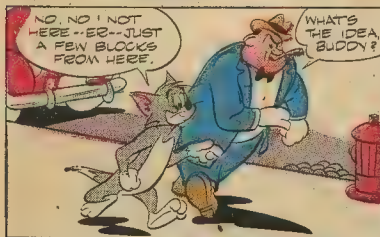
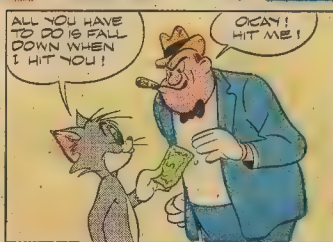
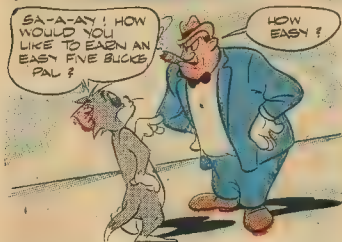
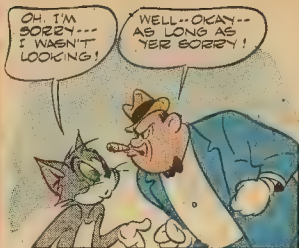
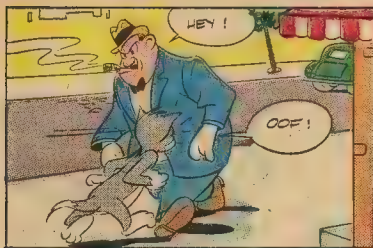


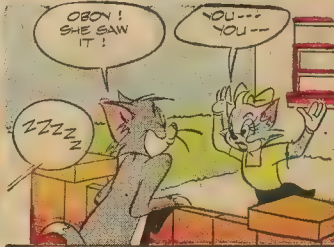
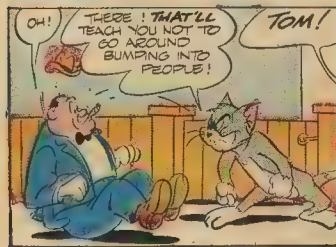
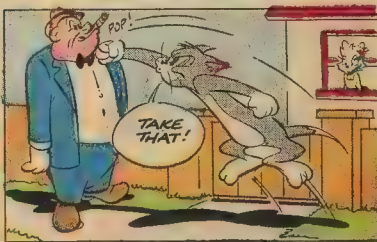
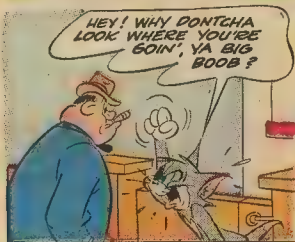
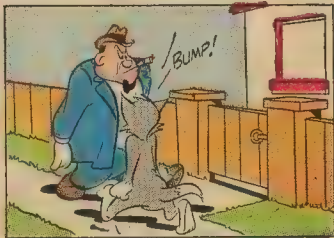
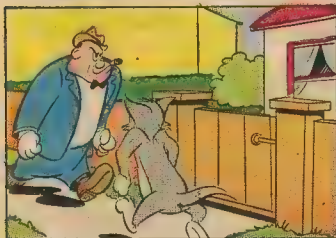
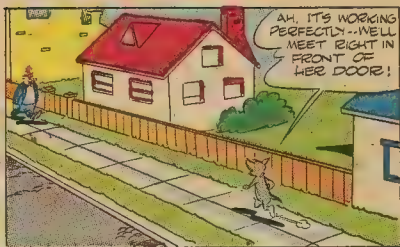
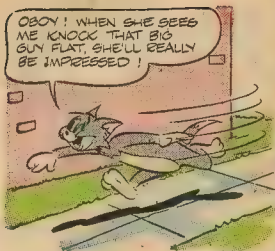


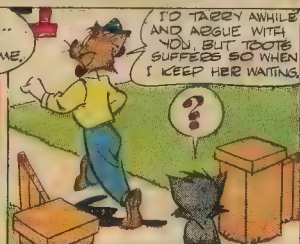
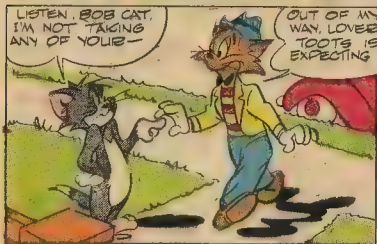
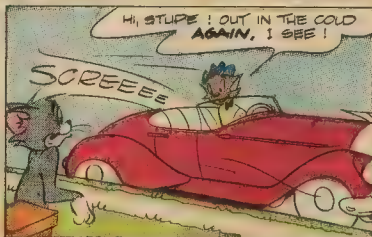
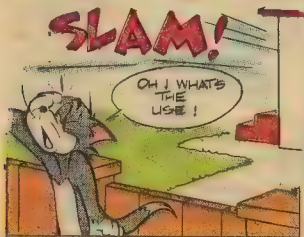
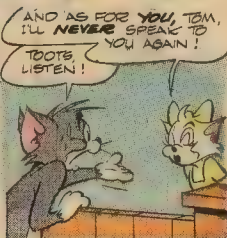
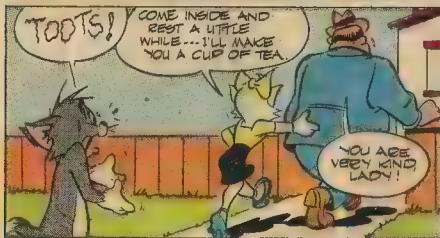
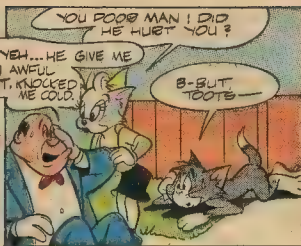
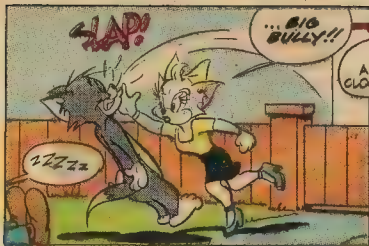


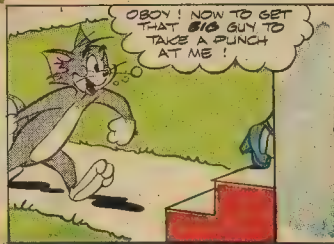
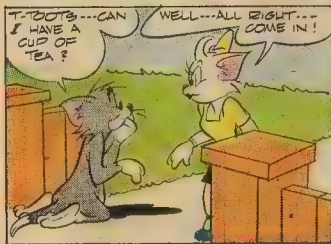
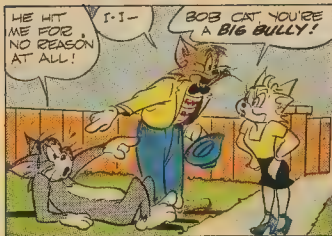
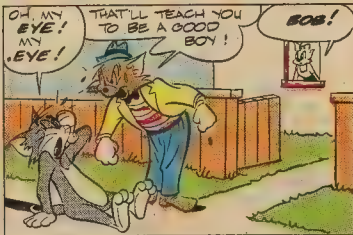
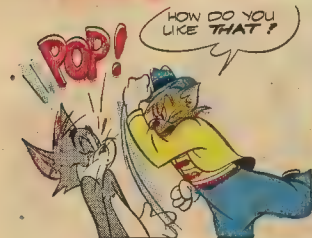
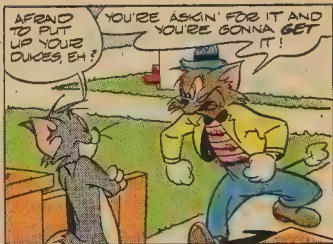
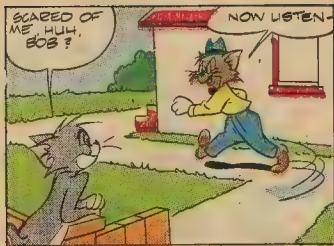
MGM presents
ADVENTURES
of **TOM**

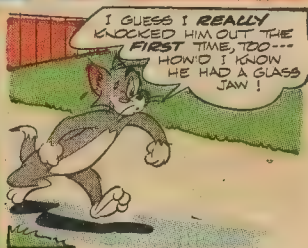
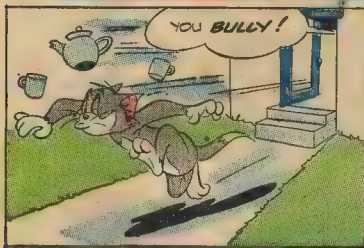
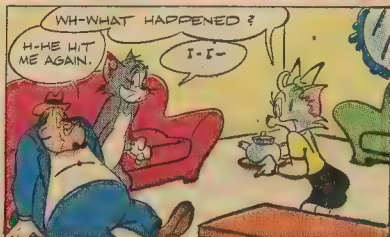
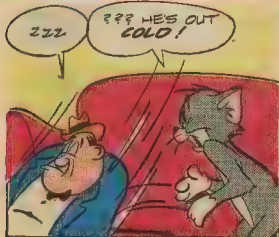
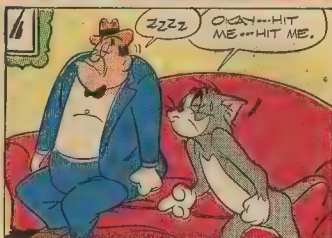
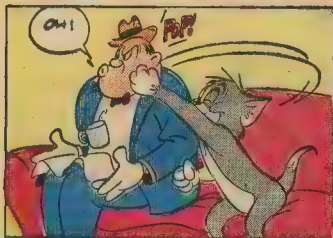
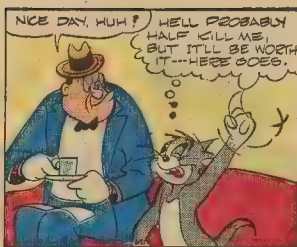
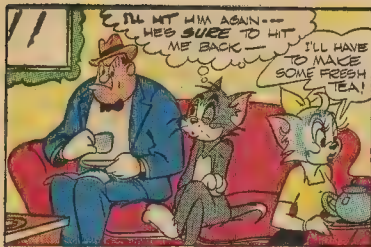












MGM presents
the
**Adventures
of Jerry**



After a morning spent in the backyard garden chasing butterflies and being chased by bumblebees, Jerry and Tuffy decided to spend the afternoon snoozing in their little mousehole apartment. Tired but happy, they slipped through the tiny opening in the screen door and made their way leisurely across the kitchen floor. Tom, the house cat, usually hung around the kitchen. But today, the little mice knew, he was out visiting friends in the neighborhood. Early that morning they had watched him leave.

"O boy," yawned Jerry, "I just can't wait to stretch out on our pin-cushion bed."

"Me too," said Tuffy. "I'm so glad we have a snug li'l apartment to go to when we're tired."

"Yeh," agreed Jerry, "we're luckier than a lot of other people. Apartments are hard to find these days."

The little mice stumbled wearily across the thick living room rug. Jerry's eyes were already half-closed as he glanced sleepily at Tuffy. He wasn't surprised to see that Tuffy, although he was still walking, was sound asleep. With a smile, he took Tuffy gently by the arm and led him into the little hole in the corner.

There was a moment or two of silence, then a sound of squeaking and scuffling; then Tuffy came flying out of the mousehole and sprawled flat on his face. Jerry followed a second later and landed flat on Tuffy. Dazed for a moment, the mice just sat there looking first at the mousehole, then at each other.

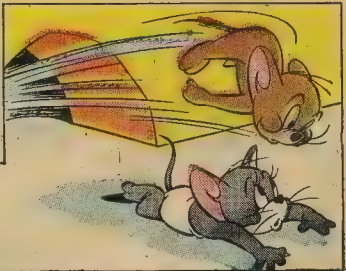
"What happened?" squeaked Tuffy. He had been sound asleep when he had hit the floor outside the mousehole.

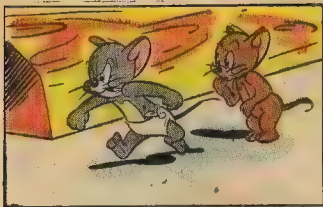
"Somebody is in our apartment!" cried Jerry now wide awake. "He threw us both out!"

"Somebody in our—" repeated Tuffy. "Who could it be? What's goin' on here?"

"I dunno," cried Jerry. "But he's pretty strong; he picked me up by the ears an' tail and threw me way out here."

"Why, he can't do that to us! That's





our apartment!" cried Tuffy angrily. He got to his feet and charged back into the mousehole. But he wasn't inside a fraction of a second when he came flying out again to land on top of Jerry. Then a head popped out of the hole. It belonged to the biggest, toughest looking mouse Jerry and Tuffy had ever seen.

"Listen, you guys," the tough mouse said. "The next time you come in here I won't be so gentle with you."

"That's our apartment!" Jerry and Tuffy squeaked together. "WE live there!"

"Not any more," growled the big mouse. "I live here now and you can't put me out. So go away and find yourselves another place."

"You can't do that to us, you big crook!" shrieked Tuffy dancing in anger.

"Just stick your nose in here once more, that's all," said the big mouse menacingly as he pulled his head back into the hole.

"What are we gonna do, Jerry?" cried Tuffy. "Are we gonna let that big lug come along an' steal our home just

like that?"

"Calm down, Tuff," said Jerry. "We can't get anywhere FIGHTING with him; he's too strong for us. We'll have to outsmart him."

"Well, think of something, think of something," squeaked Tuffy impatiently.

"We'll just have to make it so uncomfortable for him, he'll be glad to leave," said Jerry.

"Can't we just set fire to the place or something?" cried Tuffy.

"Don't be silly; we don't want to ruin our home," said Jerry. "Now if you'll just keep quiet a moment, maybe I'll think of something."

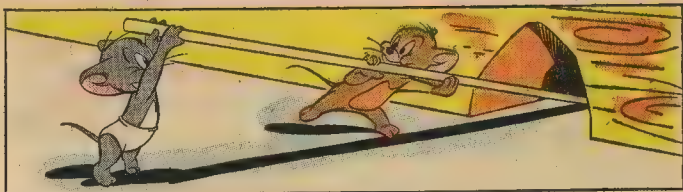
For a few moments Tuffy worriedly watched Jerry, his brow wrinkled in thought, circle a flower pattern on the rug. Then suddenly motioning Tuffy to follow him, Jerry turned and walked toward the door.

"Where to, Pal? Whatcha got in mind?" said Tuffy excitedly.

"Out to the pantry. We'll need a few things," answered Jerry.

The little mice scampered down the





long hallway leading to the pantry and were soon climbing up the well-filled shelves. On the third shelf Jerry stopped and began looking through the supplies.

"I think what I'm looking for is on this shelf," he whispered.

"What ARE you looking for, Jerry?" cried Tuffy.

"MACARONI! Those long sticks with the hole in the middle. I'm sure I saw them—"

"Why didn't you say so? Here they are over here in this long box!" shouted Tuffy.

"Hey, don't talk so loud," hissed Jerry. "Maybe Tom is around now."

Jerry reached in and took a long stick of macaroni out of the box. Then, holding the macaroni between them, the little mice slid down the side of the cupboard to the floor.

"Now stand out of the way, Tuff," said Jerry. "I'm going back up there and spill some pepper down."

Then, climbing up the cupboard once more, Jerry found a box of pepper which he overturned on the shelf so that the pepper spilled over the edge and down to the floor. When Jerry reached the floor again, there was a large pile of pepper before him.

"What now, Pal?" said Tuffy very curiously.

"Now we're gonna put as much of this pepper as we can into the macaroni," said Jerry. "Just be careful none of it gets in your nose."

Jerry then lifted up one end of the hollow piece of macaroni while Tuffy poured handfuls of the pepper into it. When it became so full that the pepper began to trickle out of its other end, Jerry said he thought that was

enough.

"Now listen, Tuff," said Jerry. "We're gonna carry this thing up to the mousehole and slide one end of it into the apartment. Then I'm gonna take a deep breath an'—"

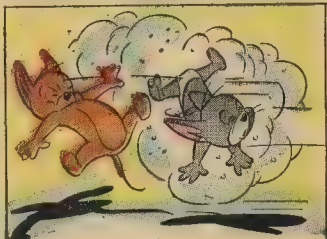
"I get it!" cried Tuffy gleefully. "Then you're gonna BLOW through it and the apartment'll be filled with pepper."

"Yes. But we'll have to be very quiet," said Jerry. "If that guy hears us, the whole scheme will be completely ruined."

"I can hardly wait," cried Tuffy. "O boy, when that crook gets pepper in his eyes an' up his nose an' down his throat—"

"Let's go," said Jerry. "Grab the other end and be sure to keep your hand over the hole so the pepper doesn't spill out."

So down the long hallway they trotted with the pepper-filled macaroni slung between them, and soon they were tiptoeing across the thick rug toward the mousehole in the corner. Then they gently laid the macaroni on the floor. Slowly, very slowly, Jerry slid the long stick into the mousehole until there was only about an inch still



showing. Then, with Tuffy leaning over his shoulder, he took a deep breath and bent down. But, before he could put his mouth to the hole, there was a loud whoosh and the two little mice were hidden in a cloud of pepper.

"Yow!" screamed Tuffy in pain. "My—koff, koff, koff—my eyes!"

Jerry couldn't even talk. He ran wildly around the room choking and gasping for breath, his eyes tightly shut.

The two little mice were in too much pain to notice the big tough mouse who had come out of the hole and was rolling around the floor doubled up with laughter.

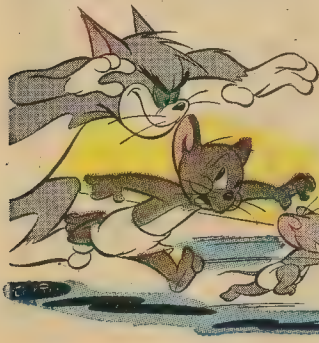
"Thought you'd blow pepper in on me, eh?" he said when he finally caught his breath. "Well, I blew first! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

But poor Jerry and Tuffy didn't even hear him. They were running around the room in circles, choking and clawing the air.

When the big tough mouse had laughed till he was tired, he picked up Jerry and Tuffy by the scruff of their necks and carried them toward the door.

"Just to be sure you guys won't bother me any more," he said, "I'm gonna dump you out in the yard."

Earlier that morning the big mouse was passing through the back yard and had noticed the hole in the screen door.



There didn't seem to be any cat around so he squeezed through the hole, and, while exploring the house discovered Jerry and Tuffy's comfortable little apartment.

Now he was going to throw the two helpless little mice out through the hole in the screen door which they had made for their own use a long time ago. Whistling merrily, he strutted boldly across the kitchen floor.

Tom Cat could hardly believe his eyes. Here, not two feet away from him were three mice. He recognized two of them as his old friendly enemies, Jerry and Tuffy. The third one was a stranger; but he was the biggest juiciest mouse Tom had ever seen. Tom leaped.

Out of the corner of his eye, the tough mouse saw the big shadow descending on him. He dropped the little mice he was carrying, and with a squeal of fright streaked for the hole in the screen. He was halfway through when Tom's paw hit him. He managed to pull himself through and shot across the yard into the grass. Tom just stood there looking disgustedly at the torn pair of pants he held in his paw.

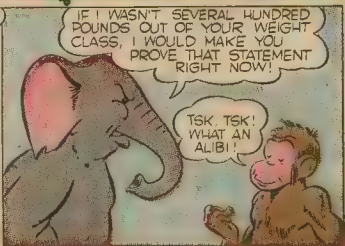
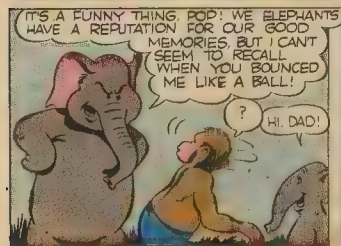
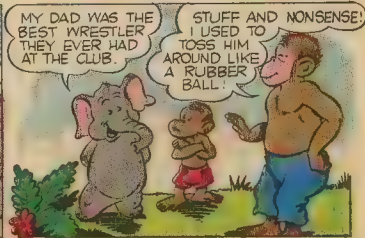
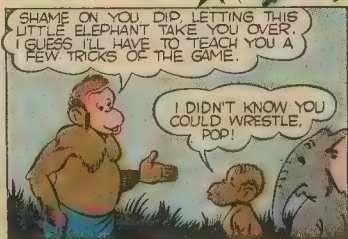
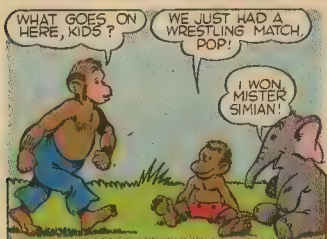
But suddenly he remembered Jerry and Tuffy. He whirled and glanced hastily around the room. But they were gone.

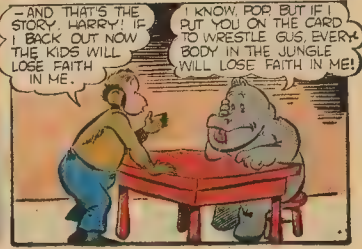
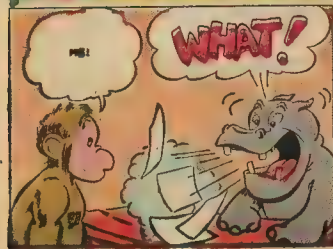
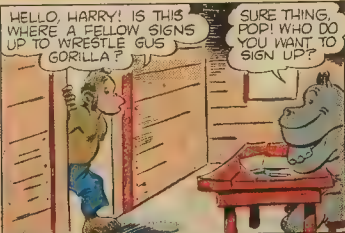
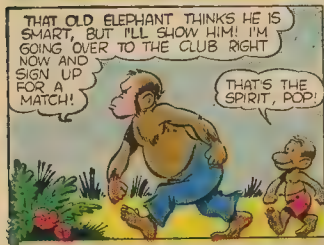
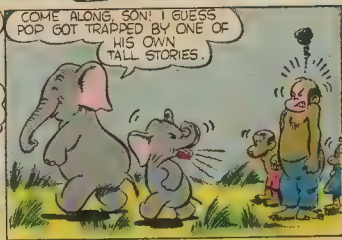
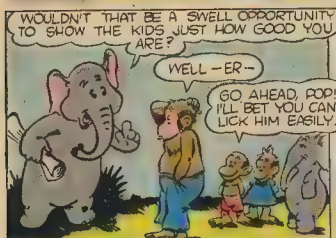
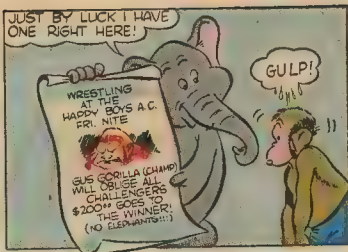
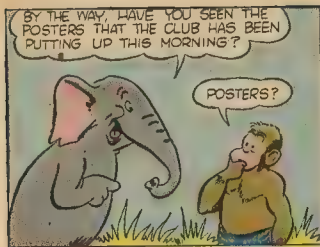
"I must be getting old," grumbled Tom as he walked back to his place under the sink. But Tom had had a very good lunch a short while before and he wasn't very interested in catching mice.

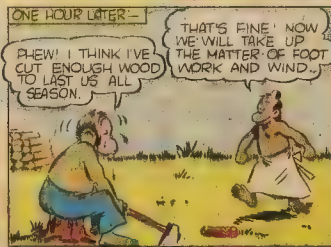
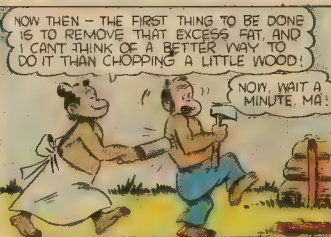
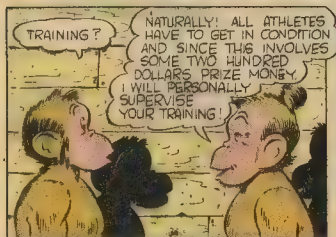
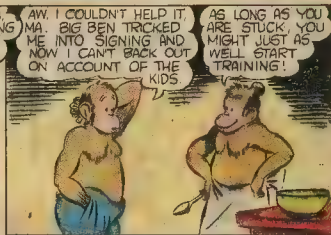
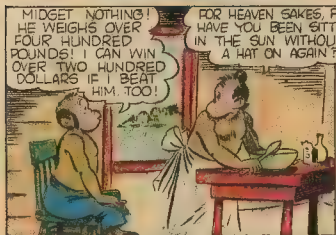
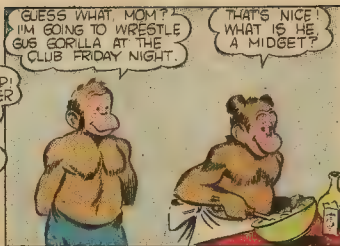
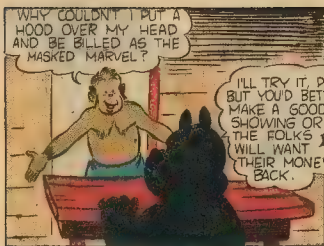
"How do you feel, Tuff?" said Jerry sympathetically.

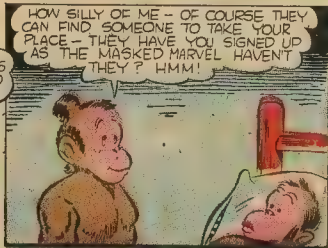
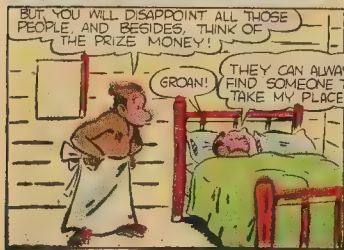
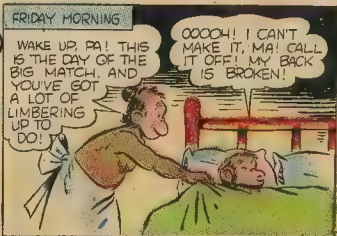
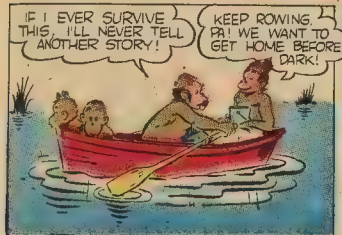
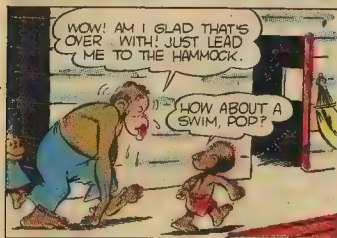
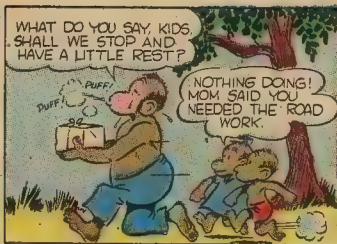
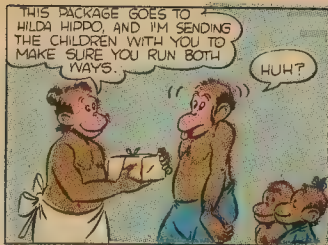
"Much better, Jerry," answered Tuffy. "I think I'll live."

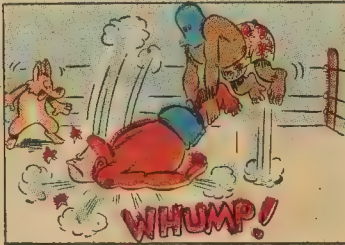
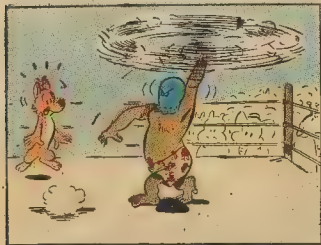
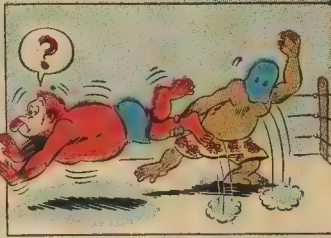
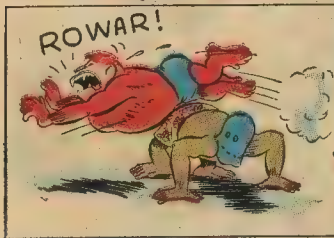
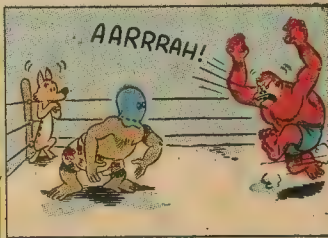
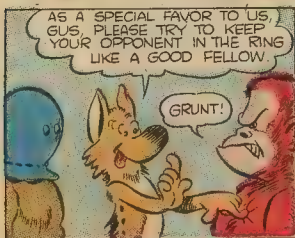
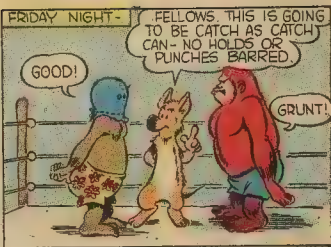
The two little mice were soon fast asleep on their pin-cushion bed in their own little mousehole apartment.

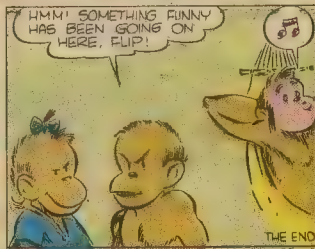
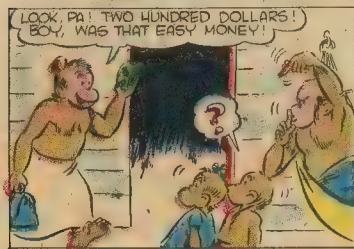
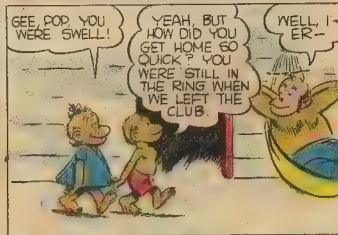
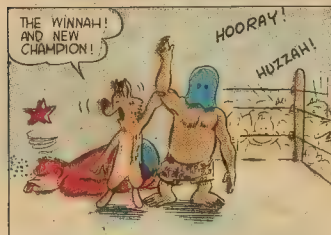
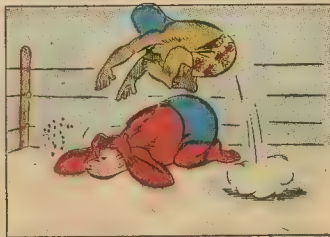
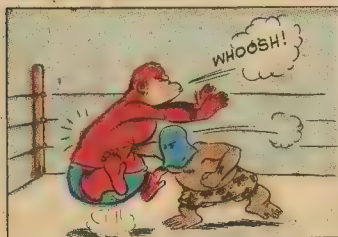
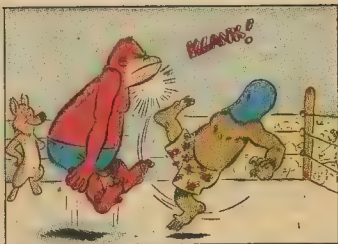
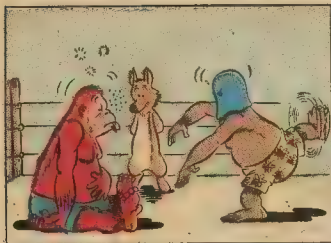












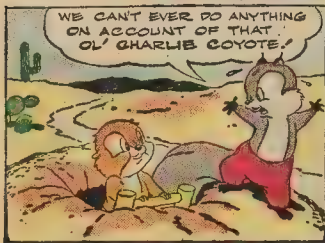
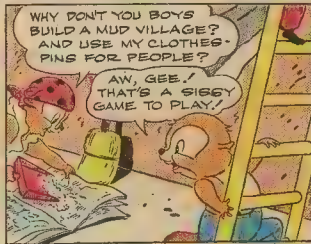
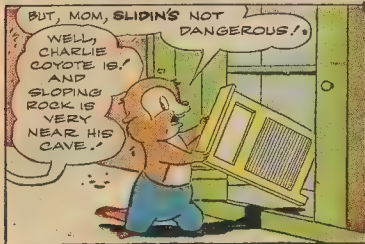
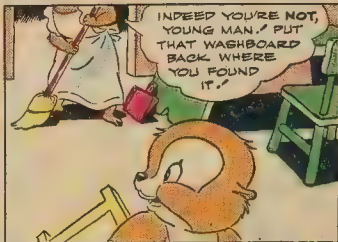
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

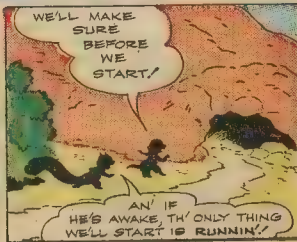
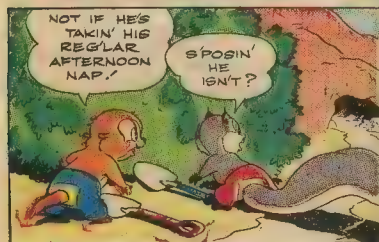
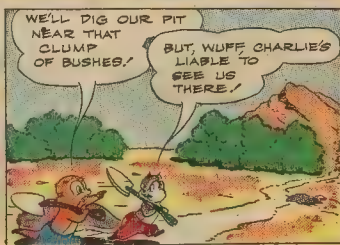
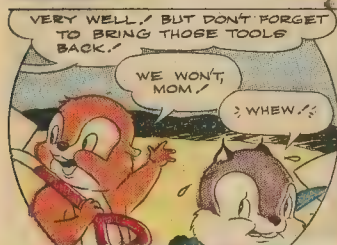
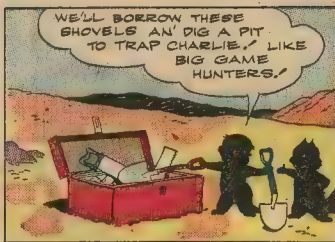
WUFF

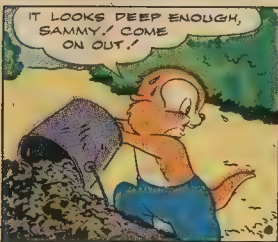
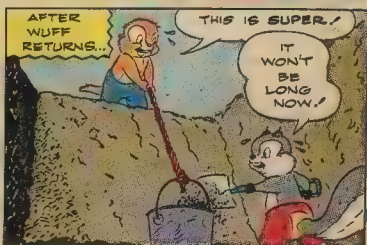
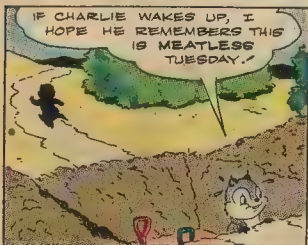
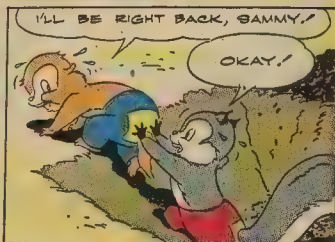
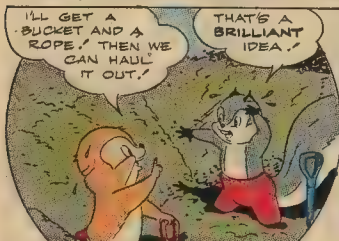
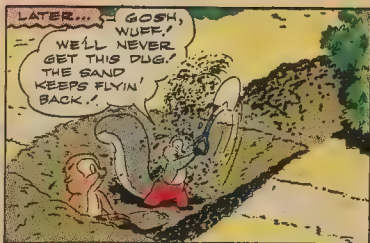
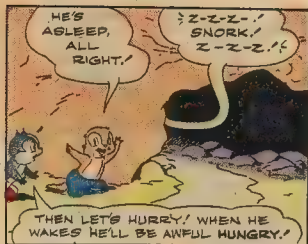
The
PRAIRIE
DOG

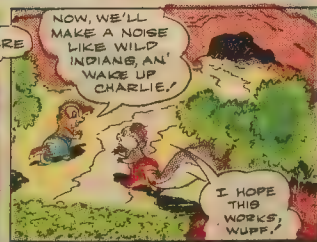
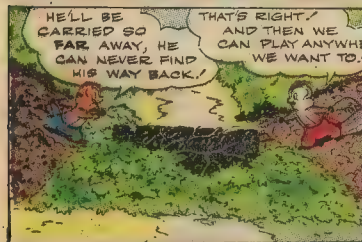
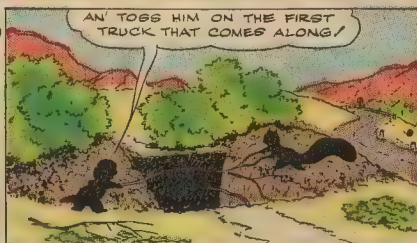
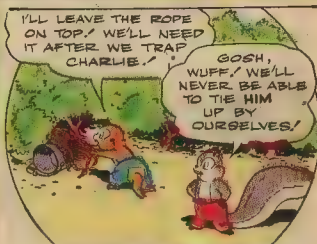
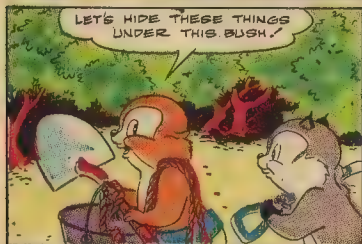
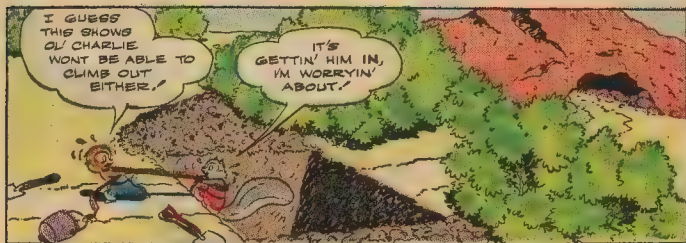
THIS'LL MAKE A
SWELL TOBOGGAN
FOR OUR
SLIDE,
SAMMY!

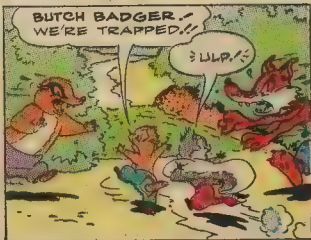
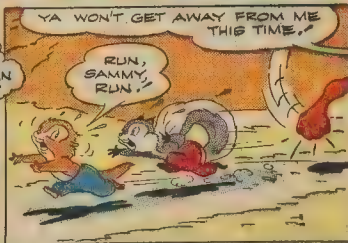
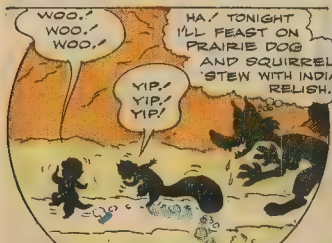
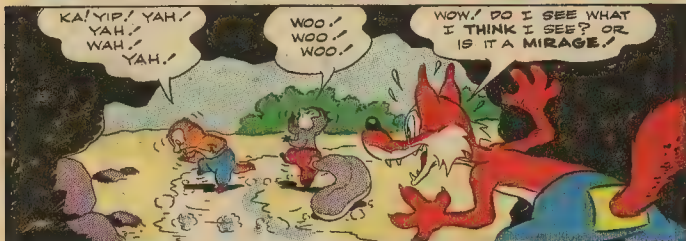
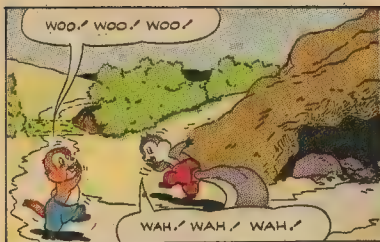
WE'VE
GOT
ENOUGH
SOAP ON IT,
WUFF! LET'S
GO!

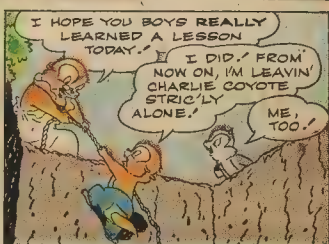
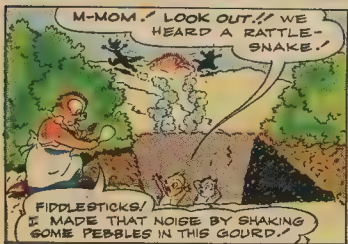
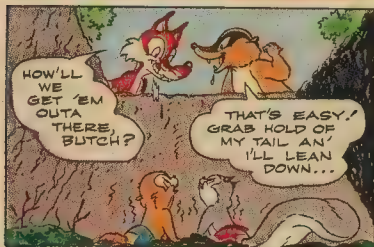
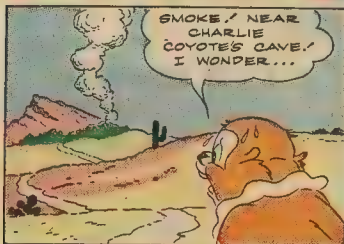
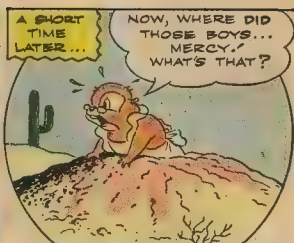
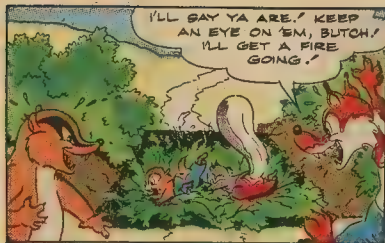






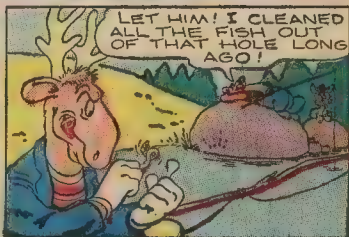
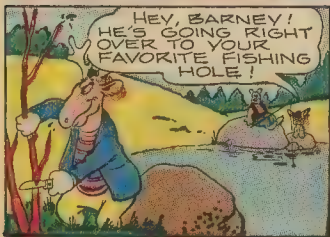
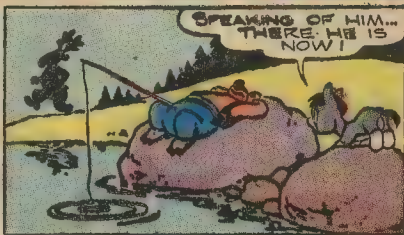
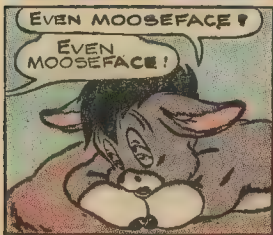
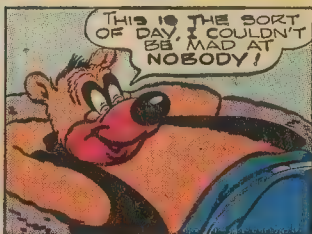
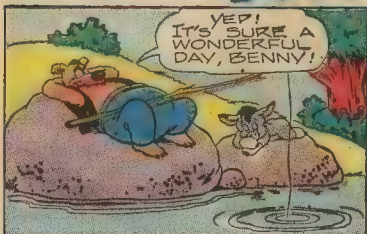


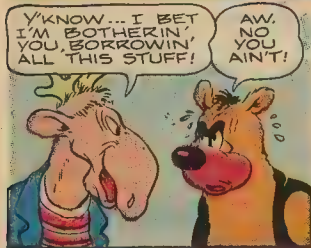
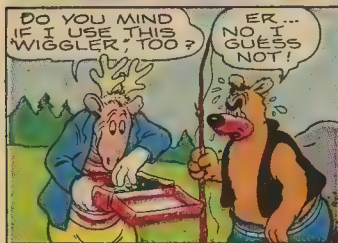
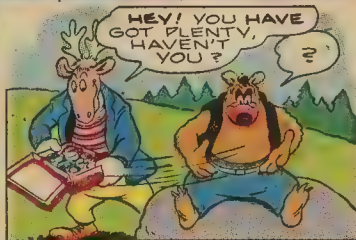
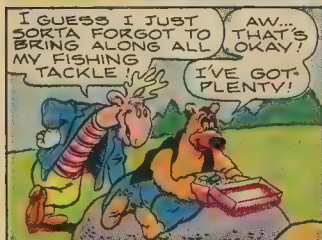
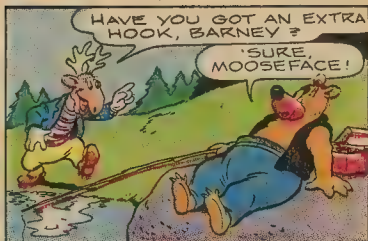
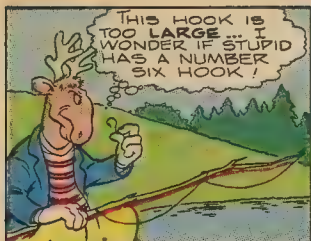


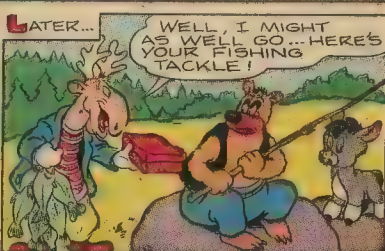
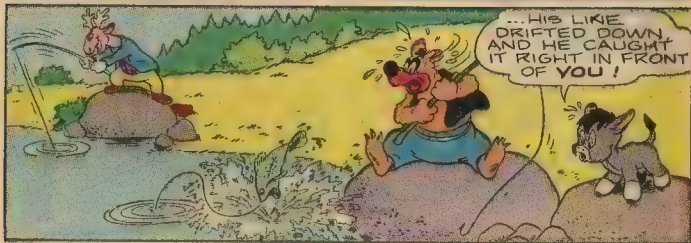
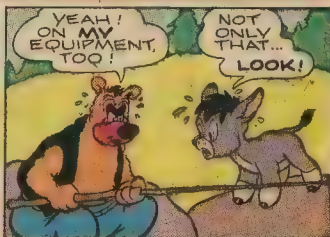
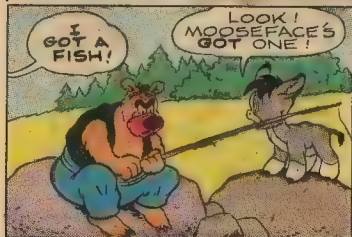


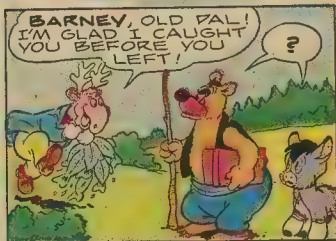
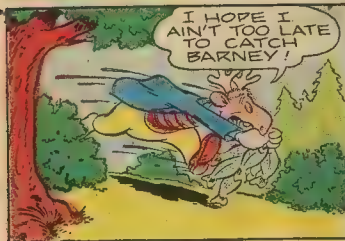
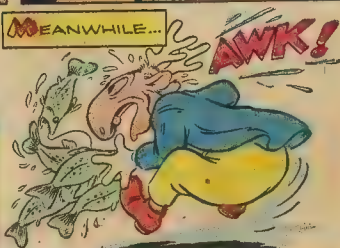
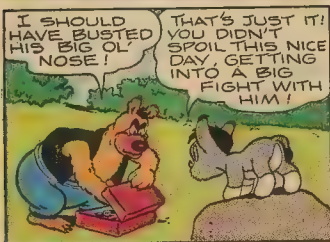
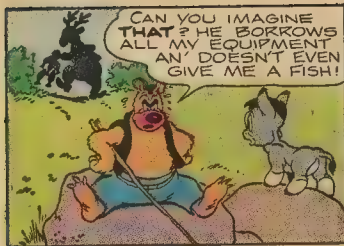
MGM CARTOONS *present*

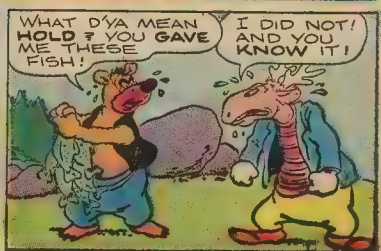
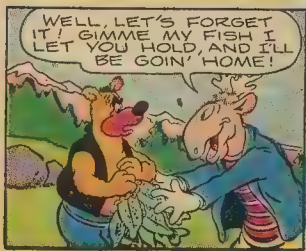
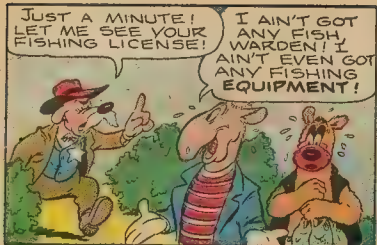
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

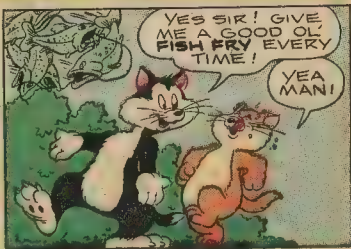
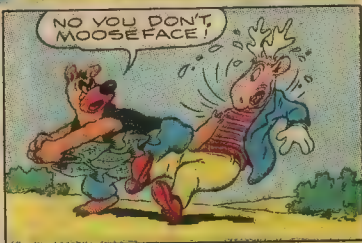
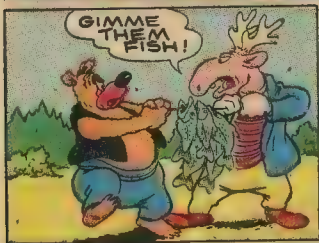
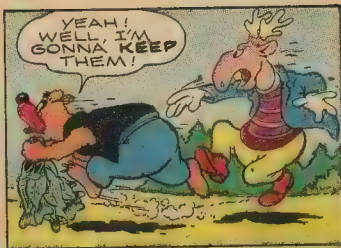


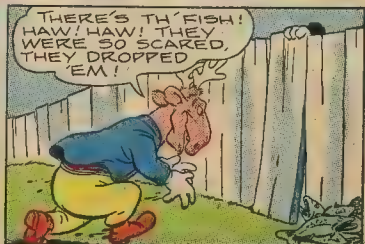
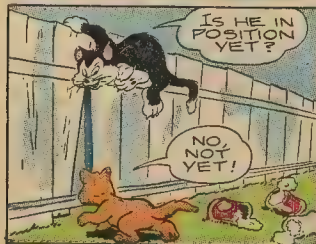
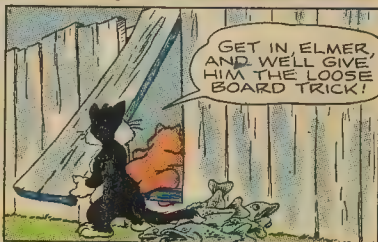
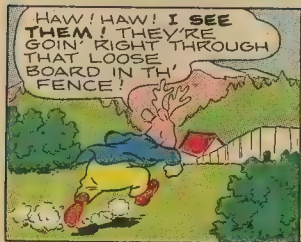
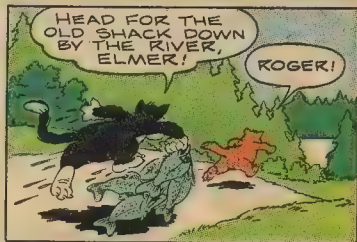
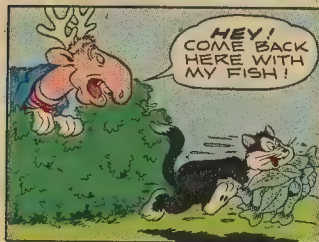
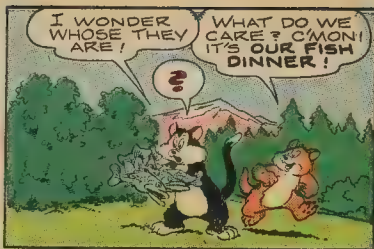
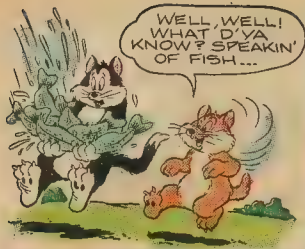


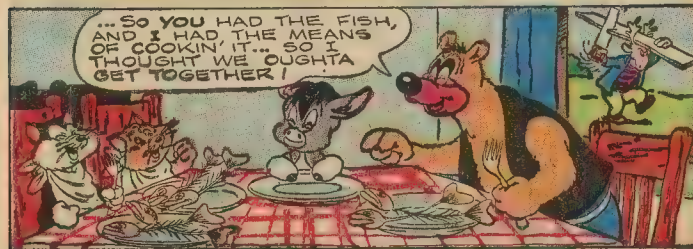
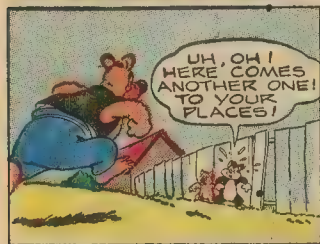
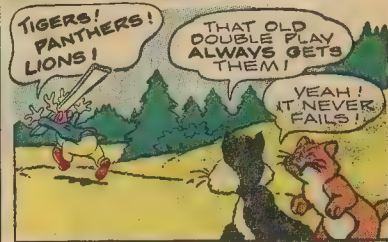
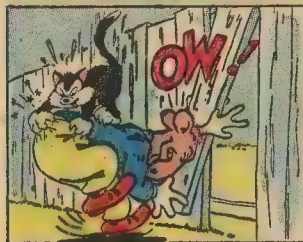
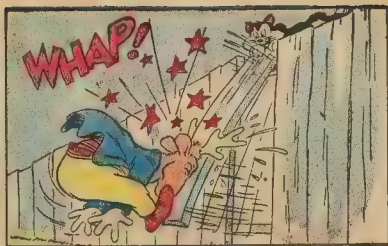
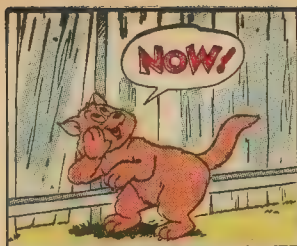












BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

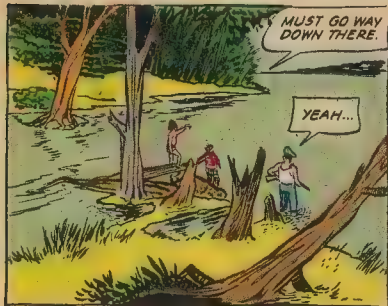
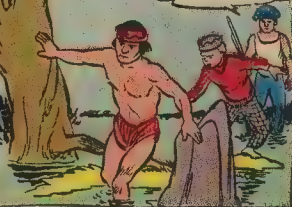
MGM presents

OUR GANG

THE JACARÉ INDIAN TRIBE HAS JUST BEEN DRIVEN AWAY FROM THE TUG. RED AND CHUCK ARE BEING GUIDED BY TOMA BACK TO THE TUG FROM THE RIVER ISLAND OF THE GREAT GRANDFATHER DEATH.

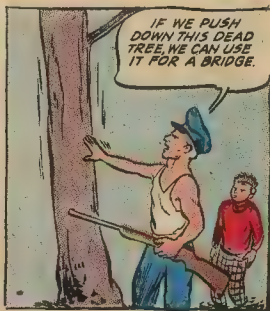
WE STILL ON ISLAND—
MUST GET TO OTHER
SHORE TO REACH TUG
BOAT.

THE CREEK'S
NARROW HERE.

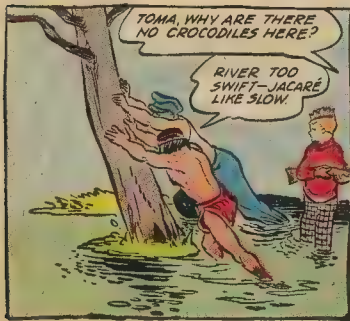


MUST GO WAY
DOWN THERE.

YEAH...

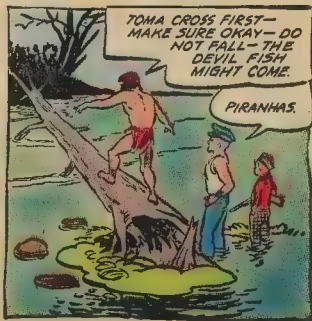


IF WE PUSH
DOWN THIS DEAD
TREE, WE CAN USE
IT FOR A BRIDGE.



TOMA, WHY ARE THERE
NO CROCODILES HERE?

RIVER TOO
SWIFT—JACARÉ
LIKE SLOW.



TOMA CROSS FIRST—
MAKE SURE OKAY—DO
NOT FALL—THE
DEVIL FISH
MIGHT COME.

PIRANHAS.

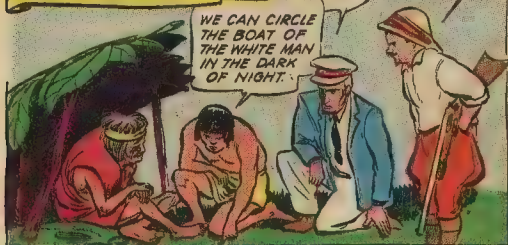
MEANWHILE THE JACARÉ TRIBE PLANS A NEW ASSAULT—SPURRED ON BY THE UNSCRUPULOUS MR. SATURN AND CAPTAIN SAND.

NO, THE TUG HAS BIG LIGHTS.

THEY COULD SEE BETTER THAN YOU!

YOU WHITE MEN WHO WISH US TO FIGHT YOUR BROTHERS, WHY DO YOU NOT GIVE BETTER PLAN?

WE CAN CIRCLE THE BOAT OF THE WHITE MAN IN THE DARK OF NIGHT.

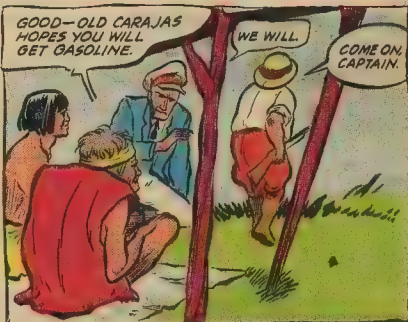


WE HAVE! CAPTAIN SAND PROPOSES WE TAKE GASOLINE FROM MY YACHT AND POUR IT ON THE WATERS AROUND THE TUG... WE SET FIRE TO IT AND OUR ENEMIES ARE DEAD!

GOOD—OLD CARAJAS HOPES YOU WILL GET GASOLINE.

WE WILL.

COME ON, CAPTAIN.

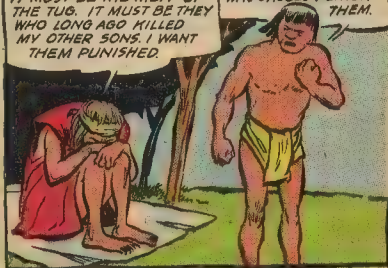


THESE WHITE MEN PROFESS TO BE POLICE OFFICERS—WHY WOULD THEY DESTROY THE MAN THEY COME TO CAPTURE, O CAPATAOP?

I DO NOT KNOW, KATQA...

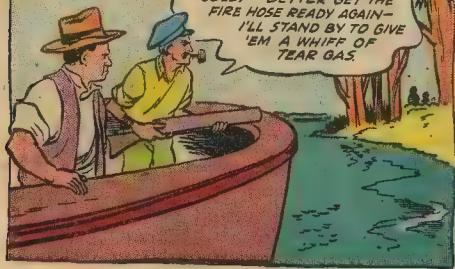
I ONLY KNOW SOMEONE HAS KILLED MY LAST SON, TOMA. IT MUST BE THE MEN OF THE TUG. IT MUST BE THEY WHO LONG AGO KILLED MY OTHER SONS. I WANT THEM PUNISHED.

AYE! BUT IT IS WE, THE JACARÉ, WHO SHOULD PUNISH THEM.



BACK AT THE TUG.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S
COMIN' ALONG THE SHORE,
CULLY— BETTER GET THE
FIRE HOSE READY AGAIN—
I'LL STAND BY TO GIVE
'EM A WHIFF OF
TEAR GAS.



HEY, MAC—DON'T SHOOT!
IT'S CHUCK AND RED—
WITH A FRIENDLY
JACARÉ.



WE THOUGHT YOU WERE
INDIANS—WE JUST
BEAT SOME OFF—
LED BY A
COUPLE OF
WHITES, TOO.

WHITES! MUST BE
SATURN! BET HE'S
STIRRED UP THE
JACARÉS SOMEHOW.



TOMA, YOUR FATHER IS
THE CHIEF. FIND HIM AND
TELL HIM WE ARE FRIENDS.
TELL HIM MR. SATURN
IS THE MAN WHO KILLED
YOUR BROTHERS YEARS
AGO... AND GIVE THE
CHIEF MY RIFLE.

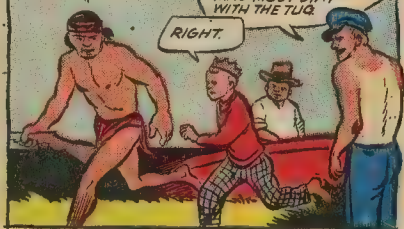


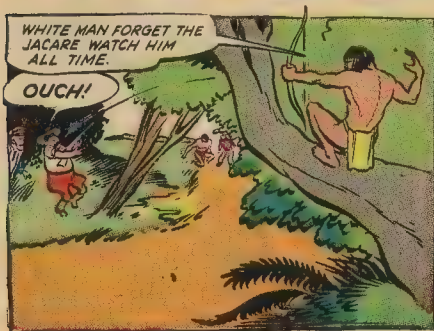
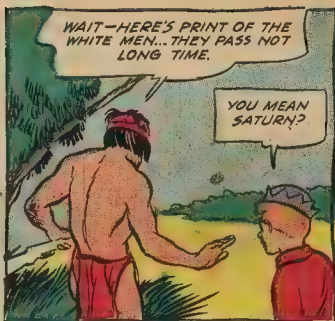
THE GUN IS TO SHOW MY TRUST IN
HIM—IF HE FINDS I AM WRONG, HE
CAN SHOOT ME WITH MY OWN GUN.

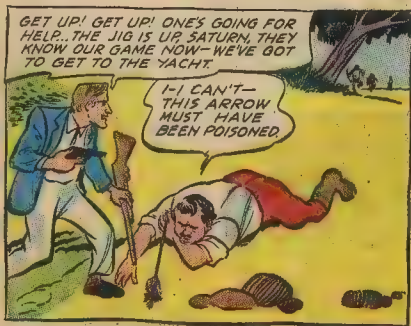
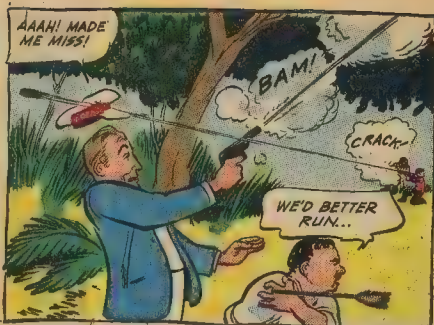
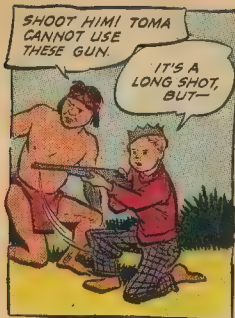
HE WILL NOT DO
THAT—I KNOW YOU
TO BE OUR FRIEND,
CHUCK.

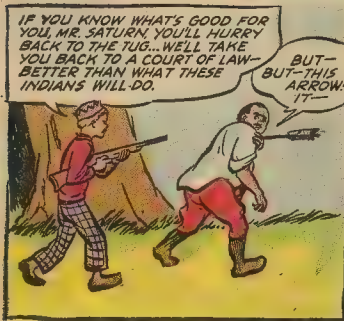
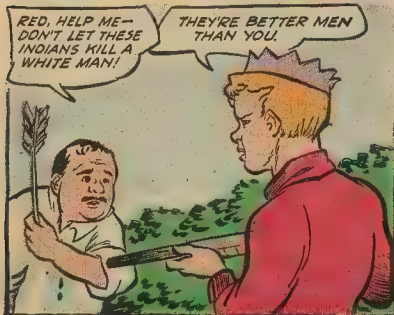
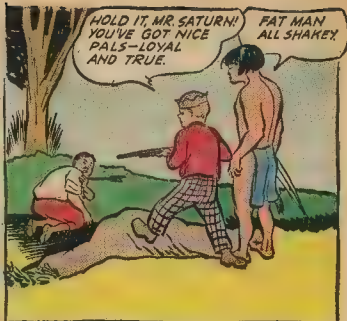
RED, GO WITH TOMA
TO SEE IF IT IS
SATURN... I'LL HAVE
TO GUIDE CULLY BACK
TO THE OTHERS AND
MAC MUST STAY
WITH THE TUG.

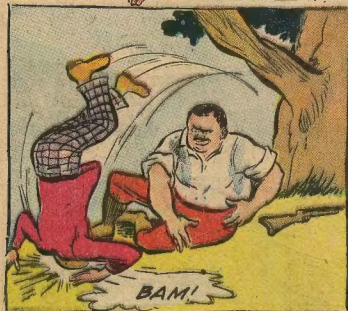
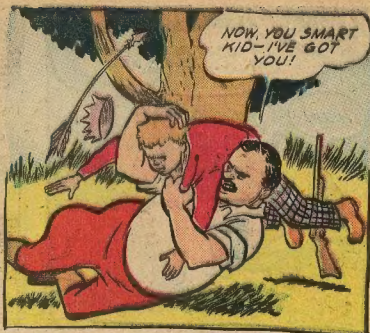
RIGHT.





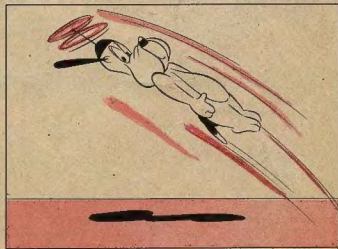
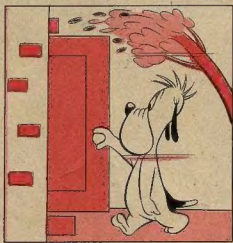
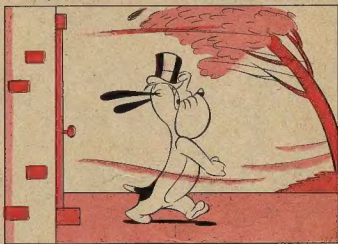
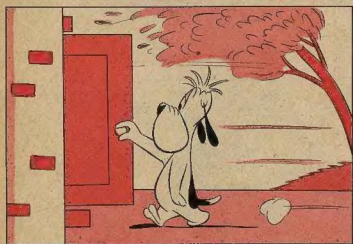
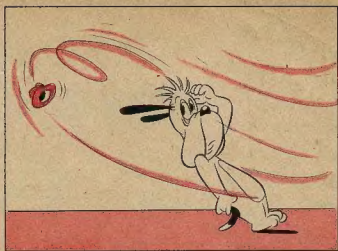








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